

the first campaign by kittenCorrosion

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Cute, Friendship, honestly i just love my teeny tiny sons so much, mike tries so hard omg, nerds, they are all like nine or ten

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-03-04

Updated: 2017-03-04

Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:27:01

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,242

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

our four, tiny favorite nerds play their favorite game for the first time, and when things don't go quite as planned, they improvise.

the first campaign

Author's Note:

it's been awhile sorry.

i had an assignment for my creative writing class that required four solidly built characters and a point of conflict and i wrote this. don't know how impressed my professor will be but honestly i don't mind cause this is cute.

shout out to my tumblr homies for encouraging me to do it anyways haha.

The four boys sat around the table in the basement as the last light of the summer sun peeked through the door that led to the backyard, stretching shadows across the game pieces that sat in front of them. Ever since Mike had unwrapped Dungeons & Dragons on Christmas day, they had been not so patiently waiting for him to learn the rules so they could play. It was the first day of summer break after fourth grade and he'd finally invited his best friends over to break in the game, which had been going reasonably well—up until now.

"So... should I roll a perception check to see where we are?" Lucas, red bandana tied around his head, asked as he quirked an eyebrow at Mike.

"I could cast a spell and create light, right Mike?" Will's quiet voice was eager as he adjusted the pointy paper cone that served as his wizard hat. He'd abandoned his blanket-cape after the first ten minutes.

"Or you could just let me light a torch, there's a better probability," lisped Dustin through his fake beard.

Mike was still hiding behind the binder that was propped up in front of him, using the privacy he was allowed as Dungeon Master to hide the truth from his excited friends. There were tears of frustration in his eyes and he was too embarrassed to let them see him before he

could think of a new idea. A tear dropped onto the scattered notepaper that lay in front of him and he couldn't keep himself from sniffing.

"Mike?"

He frantically wiped at his eyes before pasting on a smile and popping up from behind the folder to answer Will's call.

"Yeah, s-sorry, um..." he stuttered, his mind was blank. There was no hiding the fact that he had run out of ideas and prompts, his lists and scribbled notes completely exhausted. Despite planning and practicing for over a month and half, nervously checking his pronunciations and new lore in the manual, he'd managed to muck it up after a few hours.

"Are you okay?" Lucas's eyes were full of concern, even his voice wasn't.

All three boys were now staring at Mike with wide eyes, able to tell that something was wrong with their friend. He let out a shuddery breath, looking down at his panicky hands, deciding to just tell them the truth.

"I... I don't have any more," he squeaked.

"Any more what?"

"Any more... notes," he was borderline distraught, panic choking his throat, "I-I don't know w-what to do n-now."

It would be dumb to cry, and downright embarrassing, but the frustration was too much and the tears slipped down Mike's cheeks before he could stop them, sniffing and wiping at his nose with the edge of his cape. The others frantically exchanged glances, minds racing, trying to think of a way to cheer up their friend who had spent so long trying to get every detail right. It's not like it was his fault they had picked it up so well.

"We could... travel back to the village, and see if anyone there needs help or something?" Will's suggestion was soft but quickly picked up by Lucas, who nodded encouragingly.

“Oh, yeah, what if we run into some Lizard Men? That would be a fun battle!”

Mike glanced at him, wiping the tears off his face and shaking his head. “You guys would get slaughtered, your levels aren’t high enough.”

His response was a good sign, it meant he was calming down, and Will and Lucas glanced pointedly at Dustin, wanting him to make a suggestion that maybe would be plausible. He gladly complied.

“Why don’t we go visit the brothel?” He waggled his eyebrows and grinned, showing off one of his few adult teeth he’d started to grow. Lucas’s fist moved like lightning across the table and punched him in the arm, the dark-skinned boy rolling his eyes and snorting.

“That’s stupid, Dustin... you wouldn’t even know what to do there!”
“What, you don’t want to go visit your mom?”

Will barely managed to keep Lucas from lunging across the table and scattering game pieces everywhere, physically restraining the suddenly enraged Knight from tearing the Dwarf apart. Dustin grinned even wider and made a mocking face, dodging the fist that swiped at him. They scuffled a bit, shouting angrily at each other.

There was snort of laughter from Mike and the others froze, Lucas halfway across the table, hand clutching Dustin’s fake beard as he hollered, Will pushing his small hands against their shoulders trying to keep them apart, his wizard hat now bent at a sad angle. The tears were gone, replaced with amused mirth that lit up the entirety of the Dungeon Master’s freckled face as he howled in laughter at his party’s antics.

The other boys peered at each other, seeing the hilarity of the situation, and began to snicker as they lowered their fists and sat back down. Mike was absolutely losing it, holding his stomach as he laughed. He was soon joined by Lucas’s snickering and Dustin’s giggling and even mild-mannered Wil was chuckling wildly and then they were laughing at each other’s laughter, gasping for breath as their cheeks began to hurt from smiling. They had almost completely settled down when Dustin let out a snort that ended with a loud fart

and then they lost it again for another solid five minutes, each lull filled with one of the them making a farting noise which would start the whole cycle over again. It took several more minutes for them to all calm down, mere eye contact enough to send them all rolling in their chairs again. Mike had to take a deep breath before he could speak again, rubbing his now sore abdominals. He looked considerably less gloomy and more inspired, dark eyes blinking brightly.

“Why don’t you... roll for a perception check, Lucas? I think, um, there might be some orcs around or, uh, something.”

He was hesitant but no longer in panic mode, flipping through his binder to the page that had the twisted faces of the orcs snarling across the top. Lucas did as he was told and soon enough the ball was rolling again, albeit more slowly, as the four nine-year-olds dived back into the game, completely captivated.

They hadn’t even realized how many hours had passed until Mike’s mother, Karen, opened the basement door and called down from the top of the stairs that it was time for everyone to go home. She was met with groans of protest.

“It’s late, boys. You need to head home unless...” her voice took on the ‘cool mom’ tone, “unless you want to sleep over.”

“They’re allowed to sleep over?!” Mike yelled back, suddenly excited. “If they call their parents and it’s okay.”

It took less than half an hour for permission to be granted, Lucas running to his house a few doors down and bringing back extra sleeping bags for Dustin and Will, ones that would go unused as the boys surrounded the D&D table once more, not ready to end the campaign yet.

They played for as long as they could stay awake, until dawn light began flickering into the cozy basement. That’s how Karen found them the next morning, still bearded and caped, heads resting on the table as they dreamt of monsters and heroes and all their adventures in between.

Author’s Note:

it's short but honestly it makes me happy.

sorry i've been so MIA. school is roundhouse kicking me in the ass. like curb-stomping me outside in the parking lot. ugh. i keep starting stories and not finishing them but i have a long three-part one-shot i'll be probably be putting up this weekend.

spring break is this week yEET and if i'm lucky i'll finish my next chapter of Just What I Needed and maybe even a new story who knows.